

782.8 Taylor G 254199 The highwayman.

Mu 782.8 Taylor The highwayman. piano ≠ BNG C Eng. THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT MY LINCOLN CENTER Books circulate for four weeks (28 days) unless stamped otherwise. No renewals are allowed. A fine will be charged for each overdue book at the rate of 5 cents per calendar day.

KEE

DO NOT

Borrowe
written upon
are expected

form 04lb

Digitized by the Internet Archive in 2008 with funding from Microsoft Corporation

J. 84 .



#### TO OSCAR COON

CANTATA FOR BARITONE SOLO
CHORUS OF MIXED VOICES
AND ORCHESTRA

# THE HIGHWAYMAN

BALLAD BY

ALFRED NOYES

MUSIC BY

DEEMS TAYLOR

OPUS 8

1.00

BOSTON
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

NEW YORK CHICAGO
CHAS H DITSON & CO LYON & HEALY

First performed at the MacDowell Festival, Peterborough, N. H., August 19, 1914 MacDowell Choral Club, E. G. Hood, Director Reinald Werrenrath, Baritons

COPYRIGHT, MCMXIV, BY OLIVER DITSON COMPANY INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED

The right of Public Presentation and Performance is reserved.

The purchase of Vocal Scores carries with it the right of Public Performance, but if it be desired to use hired or borrowed Copies, the permission of the Publishers must first be obtained

SOLO VOICE BARITONE

TIME OF PERFORMANCE: ABOUT THIRTY MINUTES

This work is also published for three part chorus of Womens Voices, baritone solo and orchestra

Orchestra parts may be rented of the Lublishers

. .

057262327

782.8

# THE HIGHWAYMAN

BALLAD BY ALFRED NOYES

# PART I

(Chorus)

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees, The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas, The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor. And the highwayman came riding—

Riding — riding —

The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn door

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin, A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin; They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots were up to his thigh! And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,

His pistol butts a-twinkle,

His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard, And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred; He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,

Bess, the landlord's daughter.

Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

#### (Baritone Solo)

"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize tonight, But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light; Yet if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day, Then look for me by moonlight,

Watch for me by moonlight,

I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way."

# (Baritone Solo and Chorus)

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her hand, But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face burnt like a branc. As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast; And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,

(Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)

Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away to the West.

# PART II

## (Chorus)

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon; And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon, When the road was a gypsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor, A red-coat troop came marching—

Marching - marching -

King George's men came marching, up to the old inn door.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead, But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her narrow bed; Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side! There was death at every window;

And hell at one dark window;

For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that he would ride.

They had tied her up at attention, with many a sniggering jest; They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath her breast! "Now keep good watch!" and they kissed her. She heard the dead man say — Look for me by moonlight;

Watch for me by moonlight;

Ill come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!

She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held good! She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood! They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by like years, Till now, on the stroke of midnight,

Cold, on the stroke of midnight,

The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at last was hers!

Trot-trot; trot-trot! Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs ringing clear; Trot-trot, trot-trot, in the distance? Were they deaf that they did not hear? Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill, The highwayman came riding.

Riding, riding!

The red-coats looked to their priming! She stood up, straight and still!

Tro 4\*01 in the frosty silence! Trot-trot in the echoing night!
Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!
Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath,
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
Her musket shattered the moonlight.

Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him - with her death,

#### (Baritone Solo)

He turned; he spurred to Westward; he did not know who stood Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own red blood' Not till dawn he heard it, and slowly blanched to hear How Bess, the landlord's daughter,

The landlord's black-eyed daughter,

Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shricking a curse to the sky, With the white road smoking behind him, and his rapier brandished high! Blood-red were his spurs in the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet coat; When they shot him down on the highway,

Down like a dog on the highway,

And he lay in his blood on the highway - [with the bunch of lace at his throat.]

\* \*

#### (Chorus)

And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees, When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,

When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,

A highwayman comes riding — Riding — riding —

A nighwayman comes riding up to the old inn-door.

Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard;

And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred;

He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there

But the landlord's black-eyed daughter, Bess, the landlord's daughter, Plaiting a dark red love-knot

into her long black hair.

## (Baritone Solo)

One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, Pm after a prize tonight,

But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light;

Yet if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day.

Then look for me by moonlight,

Watch for me by moonlight,

I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way.

From "Poems by Alfred Noyes"

Copyright, 1906, by The Macmillan Company
Copyright, 1913, by Frederick A. Stokes & Co

By permission



# **HIGHWAYMAN**

ALFRED NOYES

PART I

DEEMS TAYLOR

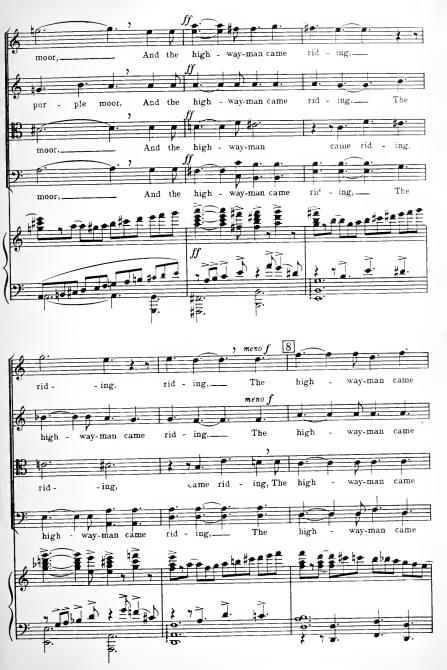












































End of Part I









































5 119 - 70615 - 60







\*) This note should be taken by some of the sopranos. It is to be screamed, rather than sung. 5-119-70815-60













5-119-70615-60

























